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A TALE.

BEFORE the hand of republican power had levelled all distinctions in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighbourhood of Versailles, the Marquis D'Embleville owned a sumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendor. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient regime; and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the *canaille* as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the same scale of being.

His only son, Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland; he had visited every part of those wonderous regions, where Nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity.

So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impression of that tender passion, beneath whose controlling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of Nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind in the state of primeval innocence; honesty was the only wealth her friends possessed; her charms and virtue were her only portion.

With this lovely maid Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them preponderate.

She felt the congenial passion; but, from disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals: Although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading intimation! Should the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams?—No!—He spurned him from his feet; and with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and see his face no more!

He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point—he knew that the moment of expostulation was forever past! He was forbidden to return to seek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty—he, therefore felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of paternal obligation, he could by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his desires.

He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations!

The storm which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine* of death still frowned tremendous over its innumerable victims!

Not with less terror than the trembling traveller, when he sees the accumulating avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices—in its progress tearing up towering pines, and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages—the Marquis D'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation!

His lady died of a broken heart, to observe the splendor of her family eclipsed; and, rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barrier of nations—whose heads, crowned with snows, old as the creation, view the turged clouds rolling round their base—amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile.

In order to divert the cares that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reus, and at length arrived at a charming romantic valley, in the neighborhood of Lugano.†

The evening sun shot his yellow rays over olive, orange, and citron groves, which clothed the sides of the far stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage,

NOTES.

*Guillotine.

† This little piece being professedly written with a design to instruct as well as amuse, in local description, strict attention has been paid to a just delineation of geography, history, customs, and manners.

seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labours of the day —and here and there appeared, in distant groups, winding down the avenues of the vine-clad hills.

At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate, but display the fine symmetry of their features.

They made a low and graceful curtsey, and then ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out, and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, when she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choicest fruits the children could procure.

He took the children on his knee, and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments; and from them he learnt that their papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual.

Their pleasures, their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of conversation; and the Marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense than he had frequently found in the most polished circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most sacred attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties; and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement and domestic life.

The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on the "tiptoe of expectation," for the arrival of their father, now recognized his footsteps as he approached the door; and running out to welcome him, hung around his kness, and danced with excess of rapture, while he distributed among them some flowers, and other natural curiosities, indigenous to the soil, which he had picked up in his way.

A sudden pleasure seemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to her guest. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the summit of the neighbouring eternal rock, which then cast a length of shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted in the faces of both, than at this unexpected rencountre.

A momentary silence prevailed—conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so much injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a disobliged parent.

The roses fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knee implored the forgiveness of that father, of whose displeasure she had fomerly heard with so much emotion; and who, she now fully expected was come to destroy her happiness forever!

He perceived their agitation; adversity had softened his heart, and all the father returned! For a while he could not speak; he took their hands, and joining them together lifted his eyes to Heaven, as in the act of imploring blessings on them both. He then snatched the wondering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumults this interview had occasioned subsiding, a calmer but solemn scene ensued. The death of Lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and, while they listened to this "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity.

The Marquis having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the power which so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat, and those domestic comforts, amidst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.*

There is no greater proof of human weakness than that which betrays itself in the boast of fortune and ancestry; these cannot ennoble or degrade them. Humility therefore is the only true wisdom, by which we prepare our minds for all the possible vicissitudes of fortune, in bearing in remembrance the uncertain tenure by which we hold our dearest and most valuable enjoyments:

Adversity! thou all-subduing Power,
'Tis thine to bend the stubborn neck of pride;
From fame and fortune strip the thin disguise,
Instruct the selfish soul itself to know,
And teach submission to the will divine.

NOTE

* The annals of modern Europe will furnish posterity with a thousand histories of a similar kind.

AGRICULTURE.

Method of preserving fruit of different kinds in a fresh state, about twelve months; for which a premium, of ten guineas, was given by the Dublin Society, to *Signior Ignacio Buonsegna.*

IT is necessary to pull the fruit two or three days before you begin the process.

Take care not to bruise the fruit and to pull them before they be quite ripe.

Spread them on a little clean straw, to dry them. This is best done on a floor, leaving the windows open to admit fresh air, so that all the moisture on the skin of the fruit may be perfectly dried away.

Pears and apples, take three days—strawberries only twenty-four hours. Take the largest and fairest fruit. Choose a common earthen jar, and a stopper of the same, which will fit close. There must not be more than a pound (of strawberries) in each jar.

The pears and apples, when sorted and dried, must be wrapped up separately, in soft wrapping paper. Twist it closely about the fruit. Then lay clean straw at the bottom, and a layer of fruit; then a layer of straw; and so on, till your vessel be full; but you must not put more than a dozen in each jar; if more, their weight will bruise those at the bottom.

Peaches and apricots are best stored up, wrapped each in soft paper, between the fruit, and also the layers. Grapes must be stored in the jar, with fine shred paper, which will keep one from touching the other, as much as possible. Five or six bunches are the most which should be put into one jar; if they are large not so many: for it is to be understood, that, whenever you open a jar, you must use, that day, all the fruit that is in it.

Strawberies, as well as peaches, should have fine shred paper under, and between them, in the place of straw, which is only to be used for apples and pears. Put in the strawberries and the paper, layer by layer. When the jar is full, put on the stopper, and have it well luted round, so as perfectly to keep out the air. A composition of rosin, or grafting wax, is best; let none of it get within the jar, which is to be placed in a temperate cellar. Be sure to finish your process in the last quarter of the moon.

Do not press the fruit; as any juice running out, would spoil all below.

REMARK.—He that artificially raises his spirits by drinking, will find them sink and flag in porportion: and then they must be raised again: and so on till he has no spirits to raise.

ANECDOTE.

From Ramsay's History of South-Carolina.

THE first statute that roused the colonists to oppose British taxation, was the memorable stamp act, passed in the year 1765. To concert an uniform line of conduct to be adopted by the different colonies on this trying occasion, a Congress of deputies from each province was recommended. When this measure was proposed in the assembly of South Carolina, it was ridiculed by an humourous member in words to the following effect: "If you agree to the proposition of composing a Congress of deputies from the different British colonies, what sort of a dish will you make? New-England will throw in fish and unions—the middle states flaxseed and flour—Maryland and Virginia will add tobacco—North-Carolina pitch, tar and turpentine—South-Carolina rice and indigo—and Geogia will sprinkle the whole composition with saw-dust. Such an absurd jumble will you make, if you attempt to form an union of such discordant materials as the thirteen British provinces." A shrewd country member replied—"He would not choose the gentleman who made the objection for his cook, but nevertheless he would venture to assert, that if the colonies proceeded judiciously in the appointment of their deputies to a Continental Congress, they would prepare a dish fit to be presented to any crowned head in Europe."

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A Law-suit arose in an university, upon the point whether the doctors in law, or the doctors in medicine, should hold the precedence? The judge asked the council, whether it was usual for the thief or the hangman to walk first at an execution? Being answered that the thief always walks first, '*Then*, said the judge, *let the doctors in law have the precedence; and let the doctors in medicine be next in rank.*'

EXTRACT.

"I HAVE seen," says a writer of the 16th century, "a Rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair in the morning, and full with the dew of Heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to recline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces."—Such is beauty, when the blooming rose of virtue is rifled by the hand of some insidious despoiler!

FROM THE RICHMOND (V.) EXAMINER.

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NATURAL CURIOSITY.

IN the state of North Carolina, and neighbourhood of Salisbury, about 8 years ago, a very remarkable *wall* was discovered. Its distance from Third Creek, a considerable stream, is about one quarter of a mile; from the South Yadkin River about a mile; from the great Yadkin River about two and a half, or three miles; and from the Atlantic Ocean, not less than one hundred and sixty or seventy miles. Its direction is nearly North West and South East. Since its discovery various attempts have been made to ascertain its length, breadth, depth, and the materials of which it is composed. Its top is at unequal distances below the surface of the earth, tho' it generally rises as the surface rises, and sinks as it sinks. A pit has been dug beside the wall, the depth of twenty-seven feet, but no appearance of its termination downwards.—The thickness is uniformly the same, viz. two feet. Its length has not been ascertained; but from the place where this pit has been sunk, the wall is known to extend more than one hundred feet down the hill, and parallel with a branch which runs near. Above the pit it extends one hundred and fifty feet in a direct line; it then forms a segment of a large circle, for about fifteen feet, and then proceeds in a right line, parallel with, but six or seven feet out of its first direction. The face, on each side of the wall is smooth and even; but the stones of an irregular size and shape. The largest are near the size of a common brick, the smallest not larger than the end of a man's thumb. The large stones are all laid length wise, across the wall—the small, of which there are a great number, are used to fill up the interstices between them. The texture of the stone is of a peculiar kind, and different from any in the neighbourhood, except one quarry, which is at the distance from the wall of about one half of a mile. The cement is of a whitish colour, and appears to contain much lime; but when analysed, yields iron without any lime.

The discovery of this wall, which can scarcely be thought a natural production, seems to strengthen the opinion of those who believe that this western world has once before been inhabited by a civilized people, or at least visited oftener than history informs us of, and prior to its authenticated discovery by Columbus.

Observations on the preceding, addressed to the editor of the American Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Poulson,

AN accurate chemical analysis has been made in this city, of the external and internal parts of the stones, and of what is improperly called the cement, of the famous wall of North Carolina, of which there is an account in your paper of Wednesday, from which it appears that it is composed of Basaltes, and is altogether a production of nature,

The discovery of this wall does not "seem to strengthen the opinion of those, who believe that this western world has once before been inhabited by a civilized people, or visited oftener than history informs us of, and prior to its authenticated discovery by Columbus." This conclusion is absurd in the extreme, and can answer no other purpose than to confirm learned foreigners in their opinion of our total want of science, and ignorance of the most common productions of nature.

The Giants Causeway, and the Cave of Fingal, both formed of Basaltes, are as great curiosities as the wall of North Carolina.

A MINERALOGIST.

THE SCEPTIC REPROVED.

SOPHRON asserted that he could hear the slightest scratch of a pin, at the distance of ten yards. It is impossible, said Alexis, and immediately appealed to Euphronius, who was a walking with them. Though I don't believe, replied Euphronius, that Sophron's ears are more acute than yours, yet I disapprove of your hasty decision concerning the impossibility of what you so little understand. You are ignorant of the nature of sound, and of the various means by which it may be encreased, or quickened in its progress; and modesty should lead you, in such a case to suspend your judgment till you have made the proper and necessary inquiries. An opportunity now presents itself, which will afford Sophron the satisfaction he desires. Place your ear at one end of this long rafter of deal timber, and I will scratch the other end with a pin. Alexis obeyed, and distinctly heard the sound; which being conveyed through the tubes of the wood, was augmented in loudness, as in a speaking trumpet, or the horn of a huntsman.

Scepticism and credulity are equally unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge. The latter anticipates, and the former precludes all inquiry. One leaves the mind satisfied with error, the other with ignorance.

The importance of WARM CLOATHING, *for the preservation of Health, and the prevention of Diseases.*

TO preserve health, beside the retaining of a due degree of animal heat, there must be a continual generation of new juices, and a perpetual discharge of the old. Without the due quantity of PERSPIRATION, which in a great measure depends on our clothing, the body cannot continue in health. The *insensible perspiration* alone, discharges more than all the sensible evacuations together; its proportion varies in different ages, climates, and constitutions; yet it is of such importance in all, that where it is in any considerable degree deficient, a diseased state of the body must ensue.

The sudden changes of the weather, in every season of the year, in America, render persons constantly liable to catch *colds*; and colds in their consequences frequently prove fatal. Though we cannot hope entirely to escape the fatal effects, occasioned by the variableness of our climate; yet by proper attention to our cloathing, we may avoid much of the danger. If LADIES are subject to catch cold more frequently than men, it is not solely from the delicacy of their constitutions, or from their being more confined within doors; but from the frequent changes they make in the quality or quantity of their garments, and the imprudent exposure of of those parts of the body, that a little before had been warmly covered. If a greater proportion of females fall victims to *Consumption*, it is because they regulate their dress solely by fantastic ideas of elegance.

If therefore, we would wish to defend ourselves from the pernicious effects of sudden changes of the weather,—if we would wish to preserve ourselves from colds, and maintain a constant moderate perspiration,—things essentially necessary in order to the enjoyment of good health,—we must use WARM *clothing*. FLANNEL, or FLEECY HOSIERY, should be worn next the skin, even in summer; but particularly at the approach of autumn, it should by no means be dispensed with. By the use of linnen, exclusively, we lose more in health than we gain in comfort; which comfort is, perhaps, after all, merely imaginary: for experience testifies, that little or no inconvenience arises from the use of flannel, or fleecy hosiery, next the skin, even in the hottest seasons; while the advantages likely to be derived from the use of either of these, are of the greatest importance to the health, and consequently to all the comforts and enjoyments of life. By this means, we shall, in the first place, be in a great measure defended from the influence of sudden changes of the atmosphere. Secondly, we shall not be so liable to catch cold as formerly, from the vicissitudes of the weather. And lastly, a moderate degree of perspiration will be thereby promoted and maintained.

When it can be obtained, the *fleecy hosiery* should have the preference to *flannel*; as being of a softer texture, it is not so liable to irritate the skin; and it is also *warmer* and *lighter* for wear. Besides, *fleecy hosiery*, while it promotes the perspiration, it equally favours its *evaporation*: and it is well known *evaporation* produces *positive cold*, the aqueous discharge being the means designed by nature for carrying off the superabundant heat, whether arising from climate, exercise, or fever. But whether the under waistcoat is of flannel, or fleecy hosiery, particular attention should be paid to cleanliness: in summer it would be well to change it twice a week, and in winter once, always taking care that it contains no dampness.

An observation or two addressed to different classes of people shall close these remarks.

Particular attention should be paid to the clothing of CHILDREN. Their fibres are peculiarly irritable; it is therefore of the utmost consequence to keep their bodies in a temperate state, and never to suffer them to get *chilled*. It is a false maxim, that cold hardens children as it does steel.

FAT PEOPLE, need a less warm raiment than those that are lean; for oil, as being a bad conducter of heat, acts as a fleecy hosiery waistcoat, reflecting back the vital warmth.

OLD PEOPLE, as requiring *abundant excitement*, ought more especially to be warm clad, and rather to exceed than be deficient in the quantity of their cloathing, and to wear that which affords them the greatest warmth with the least possible weight.

E.

AUTUMN.

THERE is something which the senses recognise, and which affects the heart with tranquillity in this period, just as striking to imagination as it is difficult to express. Nature appears to have exhausted all her energies in ripening the product of the year, and like a grateful mother, after a happy deliverance, silently rejoices over the fruit of her womb. A certain listlessness then enervates and seems to possess the universal principles of things. It is impossible to look around us on this occasion without indulging correspondent sensations. A similar lassitude or relaxation pervades the human frame, tinctures the temper with melancholy, and hushes the heart into a calm. Composure and confidence seem the language or inspiration of the *season*. For every thing whispers in the sweetest accents, that the world is still under a government peculiarly kind and benign.

Every thing in the whole circle of the year having thus acted its part, the great concluding scene arrives, which realizes the hopes of the husbandman, and crowns his labour with success. He has nothing now to apprehend from gnawing insects, noxious dews, parching heats, shaking winds, or rotting rains. Plenty of provision is laid up for man and beast, toil for the present is at an end, and the heart, no longer suspended between the different palpitations of uncertainty and expectation, relaxes into joy. Thus gratitude, like all other natural propensities, operates sometimes instinctively. For enjoyment uniformly produces an agreeable mixture of transport and vivacity: and every species of gladness that originates from possession ultimately refers to the great Benefactor of the Universe. In many cases the human heart seems to recognise the bounteous indulgence of Heaven, in the same manner that the vegetable and brute creation do the energy of nature. The tender buds, and shoots, and blossoms, which adorn the fields and woods in spring, are not more spontaneous than such sensations of happiness, as the gratifications of appetite produce in animal, and the completion of desire in rational natures. Food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, are attended with feelings corresponding, tho' inferior to those which the discovery of science produces in the speculative, or the accession of new excellence in the moral faculties. And we then act in concert with the general harmony of things when the genuine ebullitions of a glad heart join the voluntary chorus of nature, in solemn acknowledgments to that great and sovereign Principle of Benignity and Life, on whom we depend for whatever we can wish or enjoy.

CURIOUS METHOD OF DEFENCE.

THE servant of a Mr. Stapleton, at a village, near Sittingbourne, in Kent (Eng.) being left alone in the house, the family having gone on a visit to a friend's house in the Isle of Sheepy, was waked about 12 o'clock at night by the noise of thieves breaking into the house. She immediately arose, and going to the window, discovered two men endeavouring to force the window-shutters of the ground floor: she called out to them, and asked what they wanted, they replied, "they knew the family was from home, and insisting upon having whatever plate and valuables her master was possessed of," adding, "that if she made a noise they would blow her brains out." She told them there was no occasion to threaten her, for she had long determined on revenging herself on her master, and that if they would wait she would throw the plate out of the window to them. In a few minutes she appeared at the window with a silver tankard, which she had in the interval nearly filled with aqua fortis belonging to her master; she desired them both to stand directly underneath the window, and endeavour to catch it, as it was full of dollars and curious pieces her master had collected. The thieves put themselves in the attitude to receive the prize, when she emptied the contents full in their faces. The agony the poor wretches were instantly thrown into, can only be conceived by those who are acquainted with the effects of this burning liquid. They bellowed out revenge, swearing with dreadful imprecations as they went away, they would return and set fire to the house. The girl however followed up the stratagem by alarming the neighbours, some of whom kept watch during the remainder of the night, but saw no more of the robbers or their companions.

The Force of Filial Affection.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

MONSIEUR DURAND, a very considerable merchant in France not only lived up to the utmost extent of his income, by gratifying his own taste for all kinds of expensive amusements, but also indulged a very amiable wife, and two sons brought up to his own business, in the enjoyment of almost every species of luxury which money could procure. Having occasion to send his eldest son Pierre to a correspondent of his, within a few leagues of Paris, to execute a commission of importance, the young man appeared there (elegantly formed, and finely accomplished,) upon a footing, in point of magnificence, with men of the first distinction. Adorned by Nature with every charm to please, and assisted by all the advantages which Fortune could bestow, he was received by the best families, and earnestly solicited to make one in all their parties of pleasure. These invitations gave him many opportunities to render himself particularly agreeable to a young lady called Lucillia (who was on a visit to her aunt) no less amiable for a woman, than Peirre was for a man. To this lady he, at his departure from her, he promised to come back as soon as he had informed his parents of his passion, and gained their consent to make proper proposals.—But how was he shocked and distressed, on his return home, to find his father at the point of death, and his affairs in the greatest confusion! Immediately upon his decease, his creditors seized upon every thing, and left Madam Durand and her two sons in so straitened a situation, that they had scarce a sufficiency to procure the common necessaries of life. The amiable and disconsolate widow, having been long accustomed to affluent circumstances, suffered more from the reduction of her income than many would have done who had lived in a more frugal manner; and her sons, both of them very fond of her, felt her distresses much more acutely than their own.—In vain were their joint endeavours to prevail on their father's creditors to behave with less severity, on their mother's account: they heard all their intreaties, strengthened by their prayers, with unaltered looks and unrelenting hearts. Equally immoveable also were those who, while their father lived in prosperity, had called themselves his friends, and hastened his rapid progress to ruin, by encouraging his extravagant disposition for their own private views. Animated by their encouragements, he squandered away his fortune in a manner which could not but be attended with consequences truly to be deplored. These friends were the first persons who shut their doors against his unhappy widow and her children, at the time when they stood most in need of their countenance and assistance.

Sincere where the lamentations of Lewis and Pierre, occasioned by the distresses of a mother whom they loved, honoured, esteemed, and revered; sincerely too did they wish, but they wished in vain, to be capable of procuring for her a bare subsistence. The latter had still more reason than the former to feel the misery of his condition, as he was prevented by it from enjoying the felicity he had fondly expected by a union with so amiable a girl as Lucillia. To acquaint her with the blow which had excluded a possibility of his keeping his promise to apply to her father for a permission to marry her—he dreaded the thoughts of giving her this information; as he believed—and very rationally believed—that it would make her extremely wretched. She was indeed, at that very moment, in a state truly to be pitied; she was pining away her life with anxiety on his account; for not having heard a syllable of him since his removal, she feared that he was become inconstant, or that he had met with some unfortunate accident.

One evening, as a nobleman was returning from his country-seat to Paris, he was assassinated; and a very large reward was immediately offered by a near relation who attended him, to the person who should discover the murderer, that he might be brought to justice.

Pierre happening to be in the street when this reward was published, determined to avail himself of it, in order to furnish his mother with a sum sufficient to put her into some way of business which might afford her a decent maintenance. Fired with the generous, the tender idea of providing for an affectionate parent, tho' by the sacrifice of his own life, he instantly hurried to the Lieutenant of the Police to surrender himself.

While he was hastening along, overwhelmed with a thousand torturing reflections, he passed two ladies, without casting a single look at them: hearing his name, however, articulated by one of them, he raised his eyes, and saw his beloved Lucillia, accompanied by a very particular friend, a Mademoiselle D'Aubine, who had been educated at the same Convent.—He started on hearing the well-known voice—it was music to his ear, but he wished just at that time, for several reasons, that he had not heard it. The sight of his Lucillia recalled that love of life so strongly implanted in the breast of every human being, and he found it difficult beyond expression to divest himself of it.—The sudden appearance of Lucillia made him painfully think of the happy hours which he might have enjoyed in an honourable connection with her, had his father lived—had he died in prosperity: instantly however, considering that, the intended sacrifice out of the question, his indigence effectually prevented him from thinking of an union with the mistress of his heart, he only la-

mented their having met, even for a moment. He could not bring himself to explain the reason for the breach of his promise; still less was he able to discover the design he had formed, by the forfeiture of his own life, to secure a provision for his mother; imagining that, in consequence of her passion for him, she would naturally oppose such a design, and by so doing, either shake his resolution, or, at least, make him too deeply regret so melancholy a separation. Yet, distressed as he was at the sight just then, he could not prevail upon himself even to endeavour to avoid her; on the contrary, he flew towards her, caught her trembling hands in his, and pressing them with tender, but alarming emotions, exclaimed, "Oh! Lucillia! my dear Lucillia! accuse me not of having been inconstant, or regardless of my vows! My heart still fondly doats on you: but the most unexpected misfortunes have hindered our meeting till this instant, and even now I must not linger—Adieu!—May you ever be happy!—This shall be the last aspiration of your Pierre."

(To be continued.)

A HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE.

A Seaman once coming before the committee of shipping of the East India Company in Leaden-hall-street, to be examined for some office on board one of the Company's ships, was treated with great slight and contempt by one of the members, who went so far as to say that he doubted whether fellow could box the compass, that is to say, run over regularly all the points of it. Jack sturdily but humourously replied, "I can better than you can say the Lord's Prayer." All the other members laughed, and Jack encouraged offered to lay him five guineas of it. "You can't be off said some." So the insolent gentleman thinking it best to put a good face upon the matter said, "Done with you," and laid down his five guineas too. The honest tar went through his part, and boxed off the compass in high spirits, and with great precision and rapidity. The member of the committee then followed, and with little trouble went through the Lord's Prayer, having done which he stretched forth his hand to take up the cash.—"Avast! avast!" cried Jack, gripping his wrist with the strength of an ox—not so fast neither. "Why said the other, "you have not said the compass *better* than I did the Lord's Prayer."—"Ay, but hold, I'm not *half* done yet," returned the sailor; and immediately began and said the compass *backwards* with no less precision and quickness than he had before said it forwards. Having done—"Now say the Lord's Prayer backwards if you can," said he, "and the money is yours." "I can't," said the other. "Then the money is mine," said Jack; and putting it very deliberately into his pocket, advised his antagonist to contend with *his equals* another time.

(Charleston Courier.

A USEFUL HINT TO PROCRASTINATORS.

A Writer is extremely prone to look forward to some vacant season in which he may devote his whole time and attention to some work, free from the interruption of other concerns, and he is still farther urged by this fallacious hope because he expects to render his work more worthy. Meanwhile, life is wearing away, and the sorrowing loiterer becomes more and more convinced, that he might wait in vain for this season of complete vacancy. We have every one of us a work to accomplish, a work, to which we are naturally indisposed. We live in a world abounding with objects which distract our attention and divert our endeavours. Some enemy is always at hand to terrify, or some syren to seduce us.

If we persevere, success is certain, but our efforts must know no remission. There is a call on us for vigorous and continual self-denial, resolution, and activity.

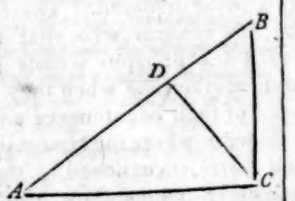
FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

Having observed a Question proposed in your Repository, (page 31) by D. Smith, and since a solution by Sciolus, which I conceive to be replete with error, owing, probably, to a misconception of the Question, I therefore humbly offer the following

SOLUTION.

LET $a=1475$, $b=7=$ half the sum of the two legs, and $e=$ half their difference, then $b+e=$ greater leg AC, and, $b-e=$ lesser leg CB, and per 47.1. Euclid $\sqrt{2b^2+2e^2}=$ hypothenuse AB, and per similiar triangles as $\sqrt{2bb+2ee} : b-e :: b+e : \frac{b^2-e^2}{\sqrt{2b^2+2e^2}}=CD$; but $\frac{b^2-e^2}{\sqrt{2b^2+2e^2}}+\sqrt{2b^2+2e^2}$, or $\sqrt{\frac{3b^2+e^2}{2b^2+2e^2}}=d$, consequently $3b^2+e^2=d\sqrt{2b^2+2e^2}$, and squaring both sides we get $9b^4+6b^2e^2+e^4=2d^2b^2+2d^2e^2$, hence $e^4+\frac{6b^2}{-2d^2}\Big\}e^2=2d^2b^2-9b^4$ in numbers $e^4-141.125e^2=-287.875$, which solved gives $e^2=139.0547726$; but as in this case e^2 has two affirmative values, therefore the co-efficient $141.12-139.0547726=2.0702274$, the second value of e^2 which answers the condition of the question: Hence, $e=1.4388$, and $7+1.4388=8.4388=$ greater leg, $7-1.4388=5.5612=$ lesser, and the hypothenuse will be found to be 10.1065.



J. G.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Admit a cannon posited at *Cayenne*; to throw its ball, in a right line perpendicular to the Equator to the distance of 1500 miles: *Quere*, the bearing and distance of the ball from *Philadelphia?*

J. G.

PHILADELPHIA,
SEPTEMBER 24, 1803.

Health of the City.

HEALTH-OFFICE REPORTS.

Cases of Malignant Fever in the City and Liberties.

Sept. 17. From twenty-seven physicians—3 new cases, and 2 suspicious.

Sept. 19. From thirty-two physicians, for 48 hours—12 new cases, and 4 cases under the dates of the 14th, 15th, and 16th.

Sept. 20. From thirty-two physicians—4 new cases, and 5 of a suspicious nature.

Sept. 21. From thirty-one physicians—4 new cases, and 1 suspicious.

Sept. 22. From thirty-three physicians—10 new cases, and 6 suspicious.

Sept. 23. From thirty-two physicians—4 new cases, and 1 suspicious.

City Hospital Reports.

	Admit.	*Died*	*Dischar.*	*Rem. in Hosp.*		
Sept. 16.—	3	0	0	13	2	convalescent.
—— 17.—	3	0	2	14	2	
—— 18.—	2	2	0	14	3	
—— 19.—	2	1	0	15	4	
—— 20.—	3	2	0	16	6	
—— 21.—	3	0	0	19	6	
—— 22.—	6	1	5	19	3	
Total	22	6	7			

INTERMENTS

In the Public Ground.

Sept. 16.	3
—— 17.	3
—— 18.	4
—— 19.	4
—— 20.	6
—— 21.	3
—— 22.	4

—27 total.

—

Interments in the different Burying-grounds of the City and Liberties, from the 1st to the 23d of September, inclusive, —Adults, 137; Children, 58—Total, 195.

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

September 16. Twenty new cases, and five deaths.

September 17. Twenty-nine new cases, and nine deaths.

September 19. For the last 48 hours—Fifty-one new cases, and twenty-one deaths.

September 20. Twenty-five new cases, and six deaths.

September 21. Seventeen new cases, and 9 deaths.

September 22. Twenty-two new cases, and eleven deaths.

—

The number of persons admitted into the Hospital at Bellevue by the Health Committee, from the 12th Aug. to the 17th Sept. inclusive, amounts to 102, of these the return is as follows,

Died,	48
Discharged cured,	30
Remain in Hospital,	24
	102

—

FEVER AT ALEXANDRIA.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

Sept. 15. Seven new cases, and eight deaths.

Sept. 16. Seven new cases and one deaths.

Sept. 17. Three new cases, and five deaths.

Sept. 18. Six new cases, and three deaths.

Sept. 19. Five new cases, and one death.

Sept. 20. Two new cases, and six deaths.

—

The number of deaths, of all diseases, in Alexandria, from the 20th of August to the 14th inst. were 56.

☞ Two-thirds of the inhabitants are supposed to have left the city.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 19th inst. at sun-rise—Adults, 9; Children, 25—Total, 34.

ON 16th inst. William Morrel, of Newtown, (L. I.) in a fit of desperation set fire to his own house, and burnt it to the ground before any assistance could be procured. The house adjoining was also destroyed. The man had fastened his own door in the inside, and fell a voluntary victim to the flames. He has left a wife and several children.

The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by Harvard College, on Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina, and Edward Jenner of Great Britain.

—

[*From the N. York Morning Chronicle.*

As the invasion of England is all the rage at present, the following chronological article may gratify curiosity.

—

Invasions of England and Great Britain, from the death of Edward *the Confessor.*

1066	Sept. 29.	*successful,* William of Normandy.
1069		unsuccessful, by the Irish.
1071		unsuccessful, by the Scots.
1093		unsuccessful, by do. when their king Malcolm, was killed.
1101		unsuccessful, Robert of Normandy.
1136		unsuccessful, by the Scots.
1139		unsuccessful, Maud:
1326	Sept. 23.	unsuccessful, Isabel, Queen of Edw. II.
1390	July,	*successful,* Duke of Lancaster.
1416		unsuccessful, by the French.
1462		unsuccessful, Henry VI.'s Queen.
1470		*successful,* Earl of Warwick.
1471		*successful,* Edward IV.
1471		unsuccessful, Henry VI.'s Queen.
1484		unsuccessful, Earl of Richmond.
1485	Aug. 6.	*successful,* Earl of Richmond.
1487		unsuccessful, Lambert Simnel.
1495		unsuccessful, Perkin Warbeck.
1497		unsuccessful, ditto.
1588		unsuccessful, Philip of Spain.
1650		unsuccessful, Charles II.
1685	May 25.	unsuccessful, Duke of Monmouth.
1688	Oct. 19.	*successful,* Prince of Orange.
1693	March 12	unsuccessful, James II.
1708	March 17.	unsuccessful, the Pretender.
1715		unsuccessful, ditto.
1745	July 14.	unsuccessful, ditto.
1797	Feb. 22.	unsuccessful, by the French in Wales.

—

COUNTERFEITS...AGAIN.

LEXINGTON (VIR.) SEPTEMBER 10th.

Yesterday was apprehended in this town for passing counterfeit Notes on the *Bank of the United States,* John Ramsey and Andrew Lattimore Love—both from the county of York, in South Carolina. The Notes are very well executed, and no material difference can be perceived between the President's name of the genuine and those of the counterfeit—In *Simpson,* the cashier's name, the letter O is too high, and if strictly examined the initial G is too clumsily formed at the end, as it ends blunt and not curving out like the genuine. The Eagle is imperfect, its head and legs being so faint they are scarcely visible. They are all dated in 1799, 1800, and 1801; and some of the latest dates are affixed to the smallest numbers. The aggregate of the notes found in their possession, including those they had passed in the neighbourhood which were immediately recovered, amounted to 1050 dollars—They are all Ten dollar Notes except two or three, which are of Five and Twenty.—Five American Eagles were likewise found with them, but the fraud may be easily discovered; they are in the first place too light, weighing only about seven dollars and half; and their being somewhat thicker in the middle than at the edge, together with the badness of their execution, contribute to convince a person immediately that they are counterfeit: if these are not deemed sufficient proofs, by taking a needle or some other sharp pointed instrument and scratching the gold on some prominent part of the coin the copper will directly appear.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 14th inst. Mr. *Hudson Stockton,* Merchant; to the amiable Miss *Mary Brown,* daughter of Abia Brown, all of this city.

————, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. S. Helfenstein, Mr. *Daniel Stricker,* to Miss *Mary Binder,* both of the Northern Liberties.

————, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Ezekiel Taylor;* to Miss *Mary Ann Cox,* both of this city.

————, on the 20th inst. at Chesnut Hill, by the rev. William Elling, Mr. *John Dubarry,* merchant, to Miss *Sophia Le Barbier du Plessis,* daughter of Peter Le Barbier du Plessis, Esq. all of this city.

————, on the 18th July, at Aberseldy, in Perthshire, (Scot.) *John Stewart,* a pensioner, (commonly called Col. Stewart) aged *one hundred and eight years,* to *Jean Douglass,* aged *sixty* years. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Archibald Menzies, at the public house—a great concourse of people assembled on the occasion—the bridegroom played a tune on the bagpipe, to the astonishment of all present.

Deaths.

DIED, at Newburyport, on the 11th inst. the venerable, the learned, and pious Right Rev. *Edward Bass,* D. D. Bishop of the Episcopal churches of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, aged 77.

——, on the 13th. Mrs. *Mary Sufflebottom,* consort of Mr. William Shufflebottom, china merchant, of this city.

——, on the 17th inst. of the prevailing fever, in the 19th year of her age, Miss *Catharine Hicks,* daughter of Mr. William Hicks, of this city.

——, on the 18th inst. Mrs. *Mary Peltz,* relict of Mr. Wm. Peltz, late of this city.

——, on the 19th inst. after an illness of 4 days, *Mr. William Leedom,* sen. for many years a respectable inhabitant of Abington, Montgomery county, and lately of this city.

——, on the same day, of the prevailing fever, Mr. *John Duncan,* of Southwark, a young man in whose character were united all that tend to render man worthy of praise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot subscribe to the *Remarks of a Traveller,* alias *Candid Observer,* and decline publishing them.

Verses signed *D. E.* handed in last week, were intended for publication in this day's Repository; but they have unfortunately been mislaid—We would thank the author for another copy.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. EDITOR,

The following Dialogue is the production of the late Mrs. FERGUSON; a lady of very extensive learning and information, and great poetical genius. She left behind her in manuscript, as many poems as would make, if they were printed, at least two large octavo volumes of 400 pages each; but owing either to the negligence or diffidence of the persons in whose care they were left, no attempt has yet been made to publish them. The following is the only piece of her composition which I have in my possession: It never was intended for publication by its author; but if you think it worthy of a place in your Repository, it is at your service. AMICUS.

N. B. An account of Mrs. Ferguson's death, &c. will be found in the 7th page of the 16th No. of the 1st Vol. of your Repository.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN SYLVIA AND ROSALINDA.

TO THE MEMORY OF

*Miss Eliza W******,*

Late of the Crooked Billet, Montgomery County; who died Sept. 1795, aged 22.

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG LADY'S MOTHER;

(Who appears to have been under some peculiar distress of mind on the account of her daughter's death.)

SYLVIA.

DEAR *Rosalinda*, this fine summer's eve,
Lonely I stray, the fresher air to breathe:
Distant from home, my footsteps seem to bend
Where all around to contemplation tend;
The silent hour, the moon's refulgent ray,
Which darts more pleasing than the brilliant day,
And sweet sensations to the mind convey.
Each object aids the pow'r of serious thought,
And months revolving, have to Memory brought
A train of incidents, fled as a dream,
Which, when occurring, seem'd an anxious theme:
But chiefly now this season brings to mind
The day our village a sweet maid resign'd,
Dear to us all; but oh! peculiar dear
To the fond mother, who yet sheds the tear,
And long will shed it, e'er *Eliza's grave*;
Nor Time, nor Reason, any influence have
To soothe her sorrows, and relief afford.
Each string but vibrates to the painful chord,
Her loss she mourns, nor sees the glorious change
Her child enjoys, o'er heavenly scenes to range:
For doubtless now she dwells among the blest,
Of pleasures lasting and supreme possess'd,
Shew'd on her death-bed a meek soul resign'd.
I speak from knowledge,—when her sand run low,
And life's faint current scarce had strength to flow,
I near the dying maid was, pensive, plac'd,
And watch'd her dissolution hast'ning fast;
Her pulse unequal throbb'd, her eye-lids clos'd,
Tho' near her end, she seem'd to lie compos'd—
She ope'd her eyes,—they beam'd with languid fire,—
Devotion then did ev'ry word inspire!—
"Come hither, *Sylvia*, to your friend draw nigh,
"And soften pain with heavenly harmony.
"Fain would I sing a song of pious peace;
"But soon my tongue from earthly songs must cease,
"Cease for a time on these terrestrial plains,
"To chaunt more sweet in never-dying strains:
"From *Watts'* Hymns select an ode divine,
"He who could every low-born wish refine,
"And make the parting soul life's tie resign.
"Sing, dearest *Sylvia*, sing the soothing hymn,
"Compos'd by one that's now a *seraphim*:
"For sure if mortals were inspir'd below,
"'Twere minds like his, and his much-favour'd *Rowe*;
"For none on earth could mount in glory higher,
"Or breathe for loftier notes of hallow'd fire,
"Than *Watts* and *Rowe*, link'd close in friendship's chain—
"One spirit rul'd them, and one noble flame."*
I sung the hymn † the dying fair one chose,
Where *consolation* thro' each stanza flows.
Such was the theme, "that they in Jesus sleep
Who die in faith, and never more shall weep,
But soon be fix'd where sin nor sorrow's found,
Where real life and real joys abound!"
My fault'ring voice, my struggling grief betray'd,
To hide my sorrow I in vain essay'd.
I sung—she hearken'd—seem'd to join the blest,
As humbly hoping everlasting rest."

ROSALINDA.

Yes, tender *Sylvia*, all you say is right—
And yet so clouded is her mother's sight,
She doubts at seasons her *Eliza's* fate,
And seems to tremble for her future state;
Tho' our good Pastor *often* hath essay'd
From holy writ to yield her ev'ry aid
Which well-tim'd Consolation can afford,
Drawn from those texts which with her state accord.
Frequent he saw her suff'ring child, e'er Death
Had seal'd his office with expiring breath;
A pensive pleasure he declar'd he felt,
As he in pray'r beside the maiden knelt.

NOTES.

* *See Dr. Watts' preface to Mrs.* Rowe's Devout Exercises, *published after her death, under his inspection; where their intimacy for thirty years is mentioned. The preface is well worth reading, to guard the mind against an overheated imagination, by religious fervors.*

† *The Hymn alluded to was* 226*th in the* Baptist *Selection, by Watts, particularly the last verse—*

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as down whereon to rest;
If there the weary lay their head,
Breathe life's sweet rest upon his breast.

Alas! my friend, when my last hour arrives,
And nought around but piety survives;
Could I, like her, each youthful bait resign,
And at life's close make heavenly comfort mine;
I should rejoice at the appointed hour,
In which the tyrant shew'd his final power;
As 'tis but once that he his dart can fling,
Faith in a Saviour blunts his barbed sting.
When such a death the monrnful gazers spy,
Soon should the tear be chas'd from ev'ry eye,
And soothing Hope fill each fond stander-bye.
The dying saint from 'tangling fetters free,
We almost envy, when we soaring see
In raptur'd view, ascending to those heights
Where shine the only never-failing lights,
Where day perpetual reigns unchang'd by nights.
If she's unhappy, who may not despair,
And doubt God's mercies with a slavish fear!
Youth, innocence, a serious cast of mind,
Were in *Eliza* all, conspicuous, join'd.
Then far away these dreary clouds of woe,
The plots of *Satan* thus to overthrow
Each brighter gleam, and sad increase the load
Her parent suffers in this rugged road.
Then, come, dear *Sylvia*, let us haste away,
And, in returning, one kind visit pay
To the sad mother, and allay her woe.
Small is my power, yet I would wish to show
I claim a heart of sympathy possest,
And share the anguish of a wounded breast.
Altho' no *child* has ever wrung my heart,
Yet other troubles may occasion smart;
Various the avenues to anguish lead,
Grief is the heritage of *Adam's* seed;
Well-grounded hope in future bliss alone
Can yield us comfort from the solemn tomb.
Then *Sylvia* come, we will this lesson teach,
And tho' no *preachers*, dare for once to *preach*.

SYLVIA.

Ready I follow where you lead the way,
In Consolation will your voice obey.
Tho' this fond mother yields to nature's ties,
Perhaps Religion she may higher prize,
Nor Consolation from that source despise:
A strong presumption that *Eliza's* blest,
May charm to peace her deeply tortur'd breast.

LAURA.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 36th payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.*